A Call From Gallipoli.

Cecilia Nesbit.

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REPRINT FROM THE ADVERTISER.

"A Call from Gallipoli."

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To the Editor.

Sir—I should like to place on record my appreciation of Cecilia Nesbit's prose poem, "A Call from Gallipoli," published in your issue of to-day. Its high literary merit and the noble spirit of patriotism that it breathes, in my judgment, place it easily first among the remarkably few fine inspirations that have appeared in print in connection with this horrible cataclysm of human blood. "A call from Gallipoli" will not fall on deaf ears. Australia is coming! Let this be the cheery answer to our boys' mute appeal, so powerfully, so beautifully, and withal so truthfully interpreted by their Australian sister. Contrast this beautiful appeal with that damnable doggerel, Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate."—I am. &c.,

H. H. LING.

Edmund-avenue, Unley.
September 21, 1915.

A Call from Gallipoli.

By CECILIA NESBIT.

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Australia! The passionate heart of early spring exultant bursts her wintry bonds, and laughing, free, verdures the land! Sunshine and blossoms everywhere; and countless happy birds who, from the heaven of their hearts, trill joy songs unceasing in sweetest faith, piercing the upward mystery of blue. The sun-kissed dewdrop trembles and lingers on beloved flowers, and a breath from the dear hills brings the incense of wattle bloom. A voice not of land or sea comes on the perfumed breeze which whispers a promise of peace and beauty everlasting. It is wattle time in Australia! But oh! listen! What is that? Drip!

Drip! Drip! Australians! clasp your Australia close! Hug her to your breasts! Time was when Peace smiled down on "daffodil time in Brittany." Drip! Drip! Drip! Oh God! this sound comes over land and sea, but clearest from far Gallipoli. Drip! Drip! Drip! Dear God! It is the priceless life-blood of our sons, brothers, fathers, lovers, friends, who are falling, sacrifices on the altar of the Hun-devil's lust for power and world-dominion. And as they fall they call and call—"Come and help us! Carry on, see through, the work we have begun." Their dying eyes strain towards their beloved Australia; their lips murmur as they fall asleep, "My pals, my chums, they will come—they will come." Men of Australia! You will not let them call and die in vain? You will not sigh—and pass on? The Hun-devil is killing your mates, who are fighting to keep his red hands, smoking with the blood of murdered Belgium, from the throat of your dear country! Louder each moment and more insistent is the call--"Come boys! come and help us!"--Hear it, heed it, Go! For the sake of the boys who will come no

more, who have yielded their lives for Freedom and Right. Remember the brave, smiling "Good-byes," the last silent hand-clasps. Bare your heads! Look into the homes they have left. See the measureless grief of the mothers of heroes, in anguish recalling the early days of their motherhood --their babes--their boys--never to see them, never to hear them, never to clasp them on earth again! Fathers, wives, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, stricken and bleeding, wounded beyond all mortal healing. Their world in ruins. The boys' rooms, where they slept and dreamed their dreams (dreams in which war had no part) empty—silent. Men who are free to go, can you look and stay at home? In the arms of the Great God of Love we will leave our glorious dead. Surely like tired children they fell asleep on His breast, and surely in the night time, as the shadows fell, He stooped and kissed them, saying, "Well done! Well done!" and bade them not to fear. And now for them has dawned the Eternal Morn—and Night is no more. Go! hasten now to aid and save the

glorious *LIVING* who are holding the fort against murder, tyranny, and oppression. Hesitate no longer! Think of Belgium--maimed and broken. Her blackened cities, like sightless burnt-out eyes in her once fair face, stare upward to the sky in mute appeal to heaven, "Avenge me! Avenge me! Avenge my slaughtered innocents, my sweet women, outraged and defiled — my mutilated babes!" Think of it! Try to realise it! Then picture a Hun-invaded Australia! The women, the children, you love, at the mercy of the Hun soldiery. Remember Belgium! And know that every man who can, but does not, answer to the call is a traitor to his dead comrades, to his country, and to Humanity. He may crawl in cringing safety between earth and heaven in this fair land, protected by the perfect and mighty sacrifices of our dead and living sons, but we will mark him—we shall know him—Coward and traitor! But that's not *YOU*. So let your ringing answer, clear and free, speed on the winds to Gallipoli--"Coming, mates, coming! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

Adelaide, September, 1915.

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